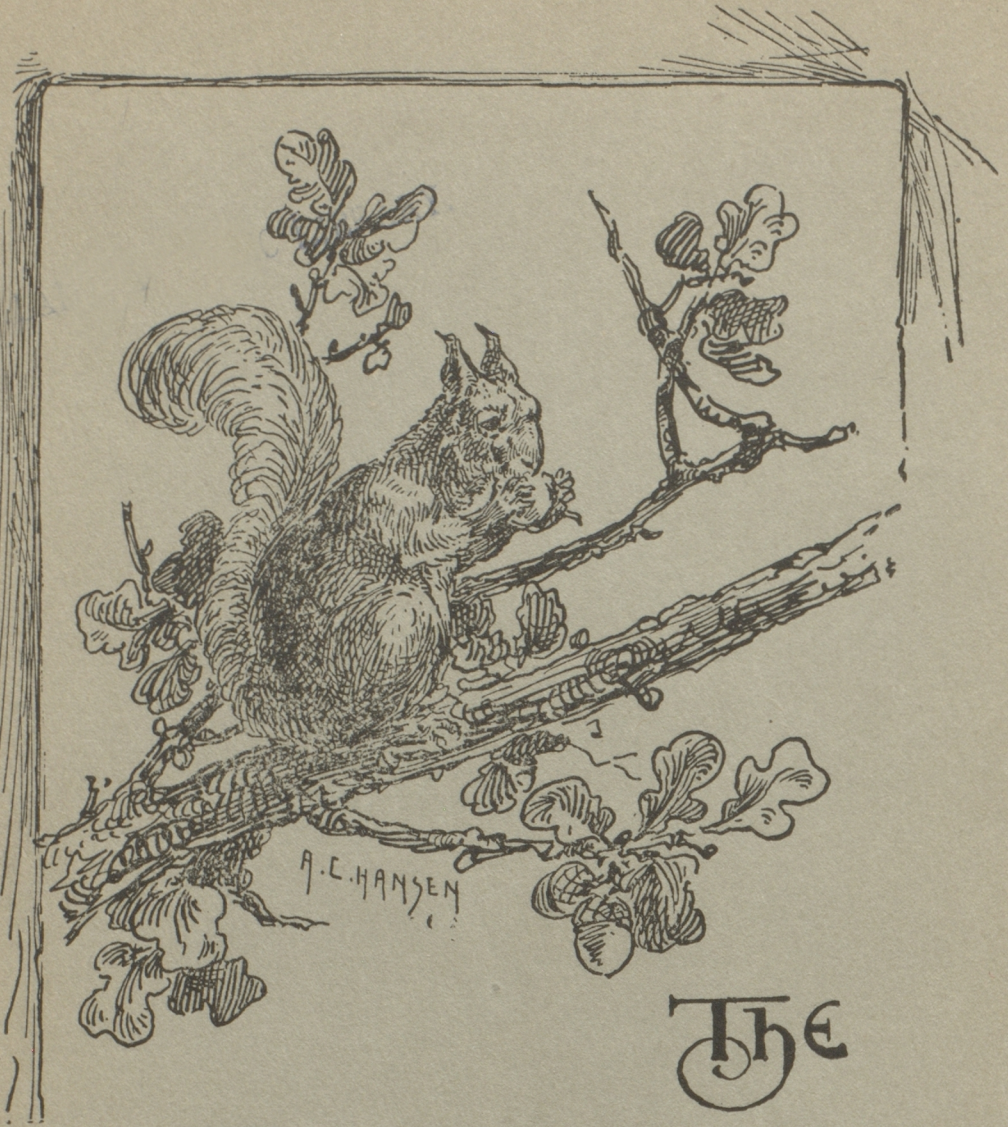


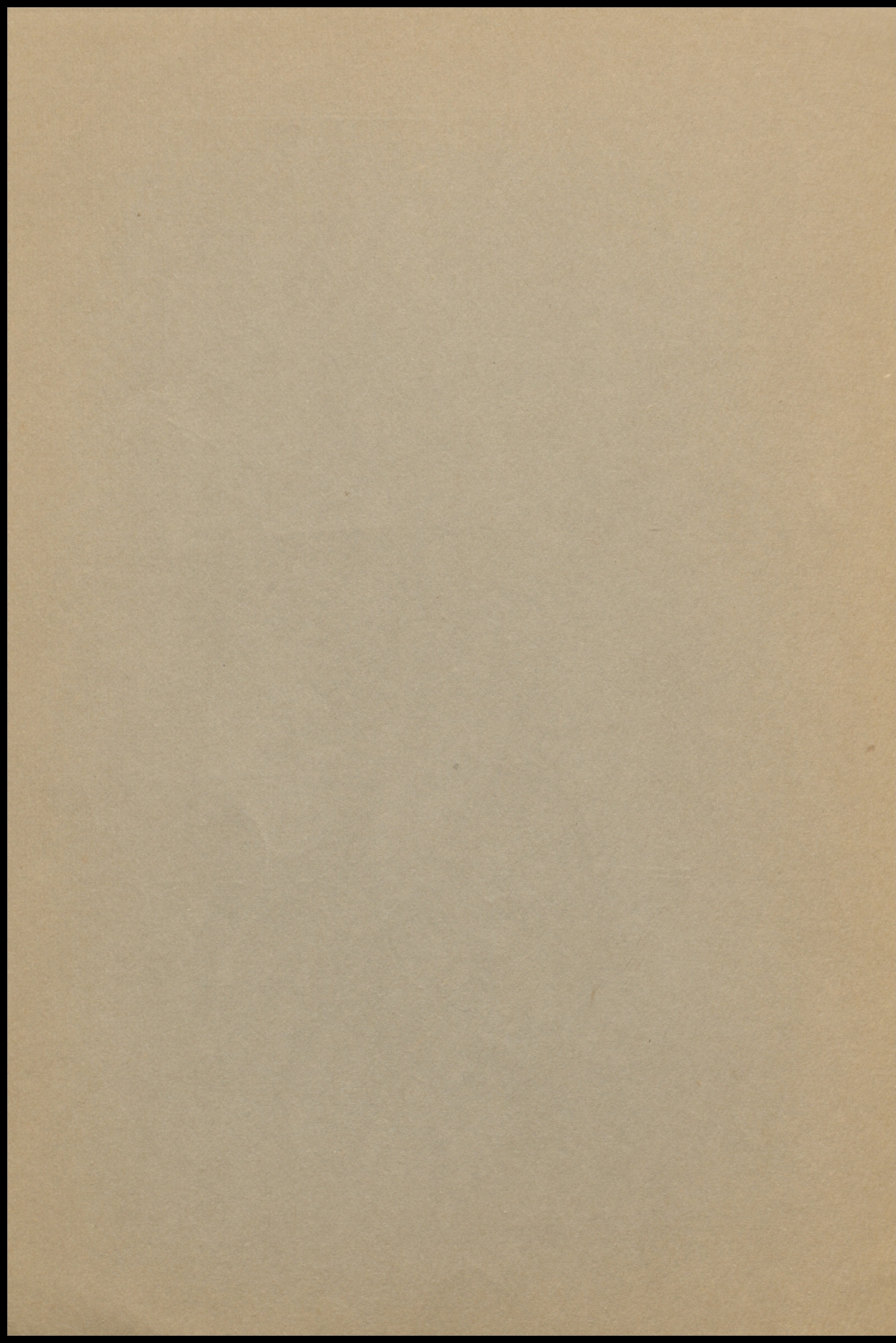


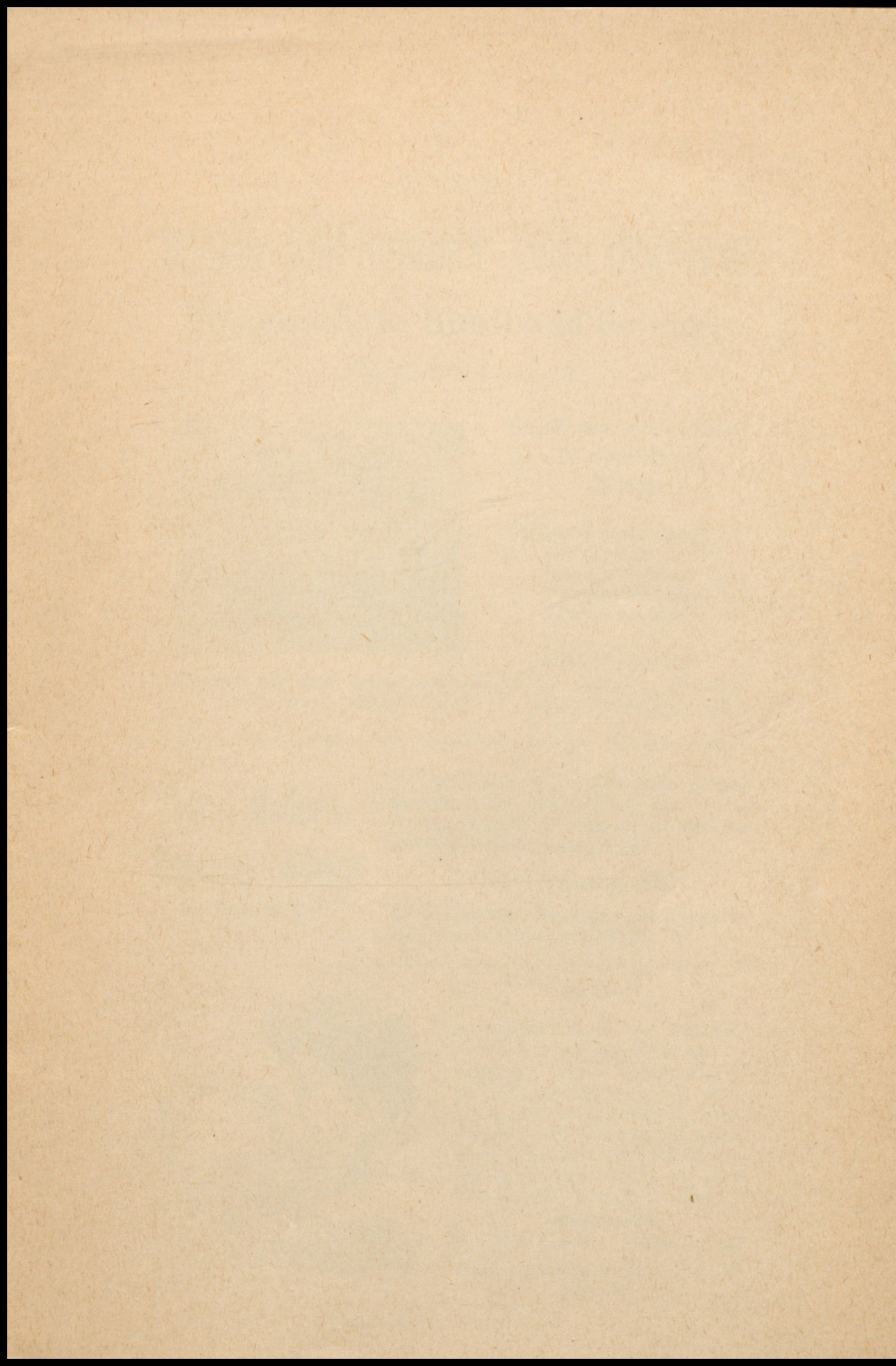
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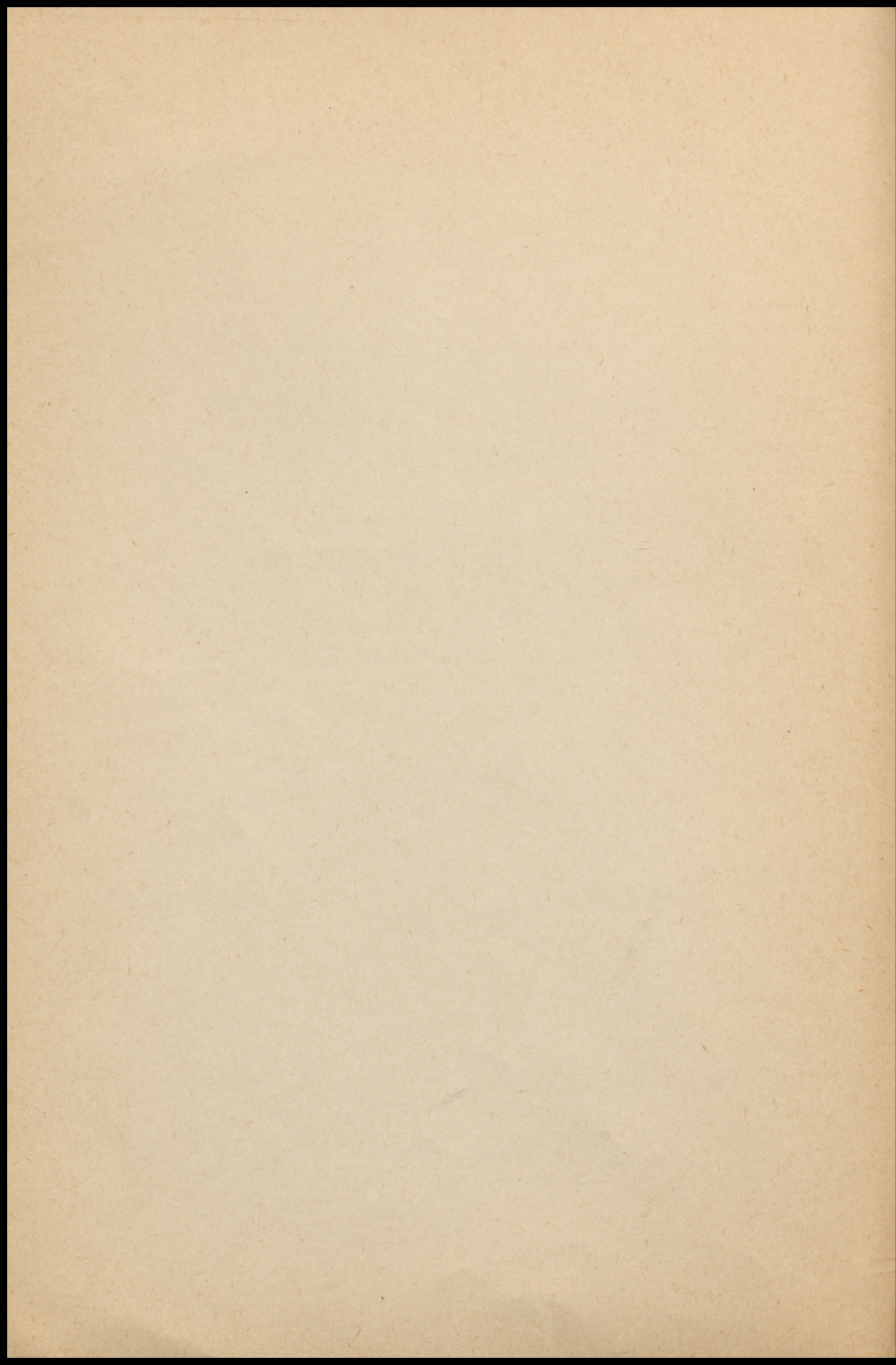


March, 1906

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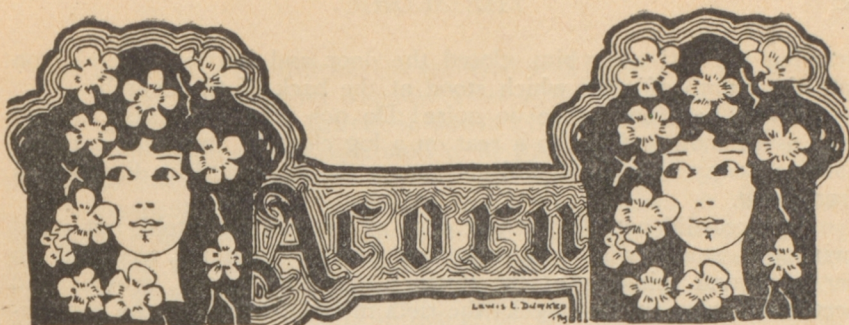
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Palma Non Sine Pulvere

VOL. X. ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL, MARCH, 1906 No. 2

A DAY IN RUSSIA

CHAPTER I

The soft, dim light filled the church, and the sun, shooting its persistent rays through the highly arched, deeply colored windows, cast its golden and green and purple and red beams here and there, somewhat lighting up the gloomy recesses and darkest nooks and at last fell gently upon a drooping figure kneeling at the feet of the Virgin Mary. Not a sound was to be heard. All was an awe-inspiring silence. The atmosphere of the church was musty, while the rough board pews were thick with dust and the whole interior showed the utmost neglect as did all places of worship in Russia that beautiful autumn morning.

Suddenly a half sobbing sigh broke the stillness, the form at the Madonna's feet stirred, and an anguished cry thrilled through the room of "O, Mary, mother of Jesus! Save me! Save me! I have come to thee for help! Here I lie at thy feet! Be good to your child! Save her! Save her!"

"Hush! Hush! my child," said a soothing voice while at the same time a black robed priest rose from a dark corner of the building, and coming to the sobbing girl, rested his hand in blessing on her head. "The All Powerful will save thee from these mobs, child, as He has saved me to work His greater glory. But come! We must be going! Come with me," and he lifted her to her feet.

Tall and beautiful she looked as she stood by the old priest, the sunbeams shining on her black hair and white face, her dark eyes looking from beneath the finely curved brows, and her whole bearing displaying the utmost dejection and fear. Her garments, which were of costly material, were torn and soiled, showing that the wearer had traveled far. Such was the wealthy young Jewess, Rebecca Soulsinsky, of St. Petersburg, as she looked standing in St. Andrew's church on the outskirts of the great city.

"And you are sure, St. John, that the mobs will not come here?" she asked, looking inquiringly into the old priest's face. He nodded, but she, saying nothing more, followed after him as he stepped cautiously across the creaking board floor to the door. Opening it, he held up his hand for Rebecca to stop, peered warily out, then

drawing the girl after him, closed the door and hurried carefully on into the clump of trees which stood at the back of the church.

"Wait here and make no noise! Do not even stir," said the old man as he motioned her to a seat on a log close by, and then turning, hastened away, twining in and out among the trees until he disappeared from view.

Rebecca did not sit down at once as she had been told, but stood twirling a small twig, which she had broken from the tree, idly in her hand and thinking of the many momentous events which had occurred during the last week; the riots in St. Petersburg, the persecution of the Jews, the sack of her home, the cruel death of her parents, her flight to St. Andrew's church, and last, but by no means least, the disappearance of the young American, Mr. Alexander, of whom she had grown so fond, and who had been present at all times of danger, but who, on the night of her flight, had been seized by Russian authorities, to save him, so they said, from injury, and had not been heard of again.

It was not strange she thought of him, for he was a man exceedingly attractive to all kinds and conditions of young women, but especially so to Rebecca. She could see him now in her imagination, tall and distinguished looking with a strong, resolute face, merry blue eyes and such an engaging manner.

Suddenly her pleasant soliloquy was interrupted by a long, piercing scream. Then! what was that? She listened intently, every muscle taut, every nerve strained to hear the sound again. It comes, the sound of the muffled tread of many feet, the low buzz of voices, and as the men draw nearer, commands ring out in a clear voice. A terrible faintness comes over her, she sinks down upon the ground, for she knows that the mob has come. Shall she fly? No, she tries to rise, but seems rooted to the spot. Nearer and nearer comes the angry throng, now making coarse jokes, now giving out spasmodic laughter, quarreling, jesting, plundering, on they come. Now a sudden stillness ensues. No noise is heard. Why is it?

Rebecca looks hopelessly about when she sees to her right a small clump of bushes which would hide her completely if she could reach them. She dares not stand and run to them, but rather falling on hands and knees creeps laboriously over mossy stones, dry leaves and cracking twigs until she is at last there. Now she can see far up the road glittering white in the sunshine.

At one side not far from the church stands a small house, apparently empty, but as she looks she sees a pale, frightened face appear at the window, then dart back, and hears an infant's smothered cry. Again all is silence, the advancing mob is strangely quiet, which makes it all the more to be dreaded.

At last the awful calm is broken and a fiendish laugh rings out so close to Rebecca that she starts while at the same time a heavy, villainous man rises from the brush near by. He, too, has seen the face and heard the cry. He places his hand to his mouth uttering a loud whistle and as if in obedience to the signal many half-starved, ill-kempt looking men rise from various hiding places along the road and at a signal from the leader gather together and for a time talk very earnestly. Then one leaves the crowd and going to the house knocks.

Rebecca waits breathlessly to see what will happen.

The man receiving no response gives a shout and the whole mob rushes at the door and batters it down. Some of the ruffians enter the building while others surround it so that there will be no means of escape for the inmates.

A moment of great suspense passes for Rebecca as she looks, horrified at the howling mob, but soon the men reappear half dragging, half pushing a man between them. A woman, her eyes deep-sunken, her body emaciated as though she has been for many days without food follows, carrying a child in her arms, and as Rebecca listens she hears a hungry cry from the babe and the sobbing entreaties of the mother pleading, "Spare him! Spare him." But they only push her roughly aside and cry, "Down with the Jews! Down with them!"

One man seizes the child from her arms, another grabs the woman, but here Rebecca's attention is drawn from the awful tragedy being enacted before her to two men who are directing their steps toward her hiding place.

Surely they have not seen her. She draws further back into the friendly shade of the brush. Now they are near her. What is it they are saying?

"Yes," said the most wretched looking of the two, "Ivan saw that Soulinesky girl go into the church last night. We must get her if no one else," and they passed on.

"Get her—get her!" The words rang again and again through her mind, but she fully determined that they should not get her.

The mob has finished its bloody work at the cottage; the men are approaching the church throwing their clubs into the air and deftly catching them again as they come down. They are near Rebecca's hiding place. What shall she do. It is impossible for her to remain where she is. She looks frantically around debating on one rash plan and then another, but sees no way of escape.

"Crack," snaps a twig behind her and looking anxiously up she recognizes the old priest, standing trembling before her.

"Ssh! don't say anything, but come," he hissed into her ear. Rebecca needed no second warning or invitation, but rose silently.

"Don't move yet," said St. John. "Wait until the men are more absorbed in their work, then we will go. "I have found a place of safety if we can only reach it.

They stood silently and fearfully looking at the blood-thirsty mob before them.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed one of the men. "We'll get the pretty bird this time."

"Here," shouted the leader, "none of your talking now. You, Ivan, go into the church and search it. You, Peter, go with him, the rest of you surround the church and let me hear no more noise." The men silently obeyed.

The old priest, taking Rebecca's hand starts to leave the place when hearing a low, joyful exclamation from her he turns and sees a tall young man, evidently an American, standing at her side. St. John frowns sternly and is about to speak when one of the men, pointing at the three standing there exposed, rushes toward them crying, "Down with the priest! Down with the Jew!" The rest follow him howling and swinging their clubs.

The old priest, dropping Rebecca's hand, runs for his life. A part of the mob follows him. The rest make for the remaining two, Rebecca and the young American, no other than Tom Alexander.

"We will win out yet," he whispers as they fly over sticks and stones, stubbing their toes on hidden branches, and tearing their clothes as they dash through briary bushes. The mob follows. They are now on the open road and running is easier.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cries Alexander, as he half drags Rebecca along. They pass the little house by the road, and then the dead bodies of its inmates.

Rebecca is almost exhausted. Her breath comes in gasps, but still they speed on.

"Just a little while and we will be there," said Tom.

"Where," she has strength enough to ask.

"At a friend's house put at my disposal and well guarded by Russian troops," he replied.

They hurry on. In the distance Rebecca sees a large house and knows it is to be her refuge. The mob is gaining on them, but they press steadily on. At last they are there. The door is opened to them and they stumble wearily across the threshold. The mob rushes up just as they disappear from view and is howling without, but at last is dispersed by the troops.

Rebecca sinks down on the nearest couch, while Tom Alexander, after once more getting his breath, commences to tell her of his many adventures since last seeing her.

To be Continued.



A MEAN TRICK

"See here, Thompson," said the earnest young man to his brother-in-law, "I'm rather new to this country and—well—er—I've heard that wild animals are rather numerous." "Certainly," was the cheerful reply, "I think it was last fall,—wasn't it, McKay?—that old man Peters had a narrow escape, and it was right in this spot, too. There was a bear coming full sail on him—young fellow turned that curve up yonder and shot the animal just in time to save Peters from death. Wild animals? I've lived hereabouts thirty odd years and my advice is—stick to your gun and be on the lookout. You're never safe."

This conversation took place one summer day in the midst of a somewhat wild region below the timber line of Mt. Shasta. The party of four men who were riding slowly through the forest were bent on spending a few weeks hunting deer. Thompson, experienced woodman, was unconcernedly leading both the party and the pack horse. In his wake followed McKay, the other member of the party familiar with the surroundings, hand and glove with Thompson in all his tricks and practical jokes. Close behind him pressed the "earnest young man," Rolfe and his companion in arms and ignorance Renner.

A hurried glance to right and left, a careful examination of his gun, and Rolfe breathed a sigh of relief—there was no immediate danger.

"What do you say, Thompson, to giving the green ones first kill," drawled McKay. It will be something new for them, and besides, my wife objects to any more skins. The first one to spy old Bruin coming shall give the word, and if Rolfe brings him down, he'll get the skin,—if Renner hits him, it is his."

"I'm with you," was Thompson's quick rejoinder. "What do you say, boys?"

One might have almost believed from the half eager expression on Rolfe's face, the careless look of unconcern on Renner's countenance, that the suggestion was entirely in accordance with their inclinations—(five years of dramatic work in an amateur theatrical society were standing them in good stead.) It must be admitted that the city men were not exactly fearless, and that deep in their hearts a conviction was slowly mastering them that a hunter's life was after all not the life of their dreams—was more precarious than desirable.

The party had meanwhile arrived at the curve,—Thompson was already rounding it,—when suddenly he turned aside in the thicket.

"Quick boys, a bear! Don't forget the skin. This way McKay!"

Wild panic and equally wild scramble for boulder, tree, bush—anything! To dismount from the horses took very little time, to abandon them to the mercy of the oncoming foe, less. When the dust had subsided, behold Rolfe and Renner, the former crouched behind a log, his gun shaking, it is true, but leveled straight ahead. And Renner? He was making himself mighty small behind a pine tree.

An eternity passed—would that bear never come?

"Here you are, Rolfe," called McKay, "Aim low!"—and down the path, sniffing the air eagerly, came an exceptionally small black and tan black dog.



EDITORIALS

Henry L. Durkee

"ACORN" STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	HELEN WHITE, '06
STORIES	GERTRUDE SCUDDER, '06
EXCHANGES	FRANK LAWRENCE, '06
ALUMNI	ALICE MAURER, '05
JOSHES	ALAN FIELD, '06
GIRLS ATHLETICS	GERTRUDE BROWN, '08½
BOYS ATHLETICS	RUSSELL BAKER, '06
BOYS REPORTER	WILL EVERTS, '06½
GIRLS REPORTER	KATHERINE SHARPSTEIN, '06
ART STAFF	{ CHARLOTTE BRUSH '07
	{ RUTH HOLT '08
	{ IDA SPENCE '06½
BUSINESS MANAGER	F. R. CLAXTON, '07
ASSISTANT MANAGER	S. M. HASLETT JR., '07

THE ATHLETIC SHOW

The farce, "My Lord in Livery," presented by the Boys' Athletic Association on the sixteenth of this month, did not receive the support which it should have been accorded. Now, this show was given by the Association in order to raise money for its various needs; it was extensively advertised; the cast was well-chosen; and yet the performance was not, financially, a success. There can be only one reason for this, and that is that the students of the Alameda High School are not sufficiently interested in their Alma Mater to care about her athletic success. We do not believe this to be true; our athletic shows in the past have always been well-supported, and this present indifference of the student body is altogether beyond our comprehension. In a school so small as ours, the student body should stand solidly behind all student enterprises and activities, and accord them its undivided support. In this particular case, the worthiness of the cause, aside from the excellence of the play, merited the hearty support of every loyal student of the A. H. S. Now, that's all, and since we are not fond of printing sermons in these columns, please don't make us do it again.

THE PIN CONTROVERSY

The choice of class pins seems to have again become a class privilege. Evidently there is to be no more discussion as to a universal pin, and perhaps that is the best and easiest way out of the difficulty. Each class has different ideas and at least the majority will be satisfied with the choice. The middle B pins are very pretty and appropriate, and the class ought to be very well satisfied.

THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

About three weeks ago the first of our promised entertainments, was enjoyed and appreciated by the Student Body. It was given in the Assembly Hall, and has shown us that we have a place to stage school farces. Since the stage has been enlarged and the new curtain raised, classes will no longer have to rent a place to present their entertainments. Dr. Thompson has promised us other entertainments, which everyone is looking forward to with great anticipation. Professor Morse Stevens is to give us one of his famous Kipling readings, and the following "Literary Half-Hour" is to be set apart for music. The Middle A production is in progress and everyone is anxiously waiting to see it presented.





Among some of the many exchanges which we have received during the past month, there is a tendency to mix the joshes with the advertisements. This is a poor policy if intentional, and a mistake worthy of immediate correction, if unintentional. Perhaps, the managers are able to get more advertisements by promising such a *mixture* to their patrons. If so, he is subordinating the dignity and literary tone of the paper to a mere mercenary motive, and a motive unworthy of such a sacrifice. If it were borne in mind that a school is judged to a certain extent by the kind of paper it issues, such slovenliness would not exist. Furthermore, if the student body would *support* a paper in the proper manner, the managers would not have to resort to such desperate means to keep the paper "going."

There is also a tendency to "run" the different departments together, "space," evidently being at a premium, it seems necessary to utilize every bit of it, and as a result the paper *lacks neatness*. When the writer sees an exchange of this kind, *he refrains* from criticising the editors and managers, but he *does wonder* what kind of a student body is supporting that paper. Surely, if they took any pride or interest in *their paper*, they would be more liberal in their financial aid, thus making it unnecessary for the editor to sacrifice the *neatness* of the *whole* publication, merely for the lack of a couple of pages of "space."

"The Aegis," of Oakland High, is an excellent paper. The story "Beauty and Beast," deserves special mention, for it is seldom that we find a story of its merit in a high school publication.

"The Olla Podrida," of Berkeley High, can add to its excellence by keeping the joshes and "ads" separate. Its stories are above the average, and its cover design is especially good.

"For the Sake of the Old School," is an interesting story to be found in the "Red and White," of Vallejo. That cut at the head of the exchange column is *most strikingly suggestive*

"The Spinster," of San Mateo, is the most unique exchange received. An exchange column in verse is decidedly novel. Spinsters would be at a premium if they had as many good qualities as has the "Spinster" of San Mateo.

F. N. L.



BASEBALL

On February 28th the baseball team played the U. C. 'Varsity on the campus. The inability of the boys to hit the 'Varsity pitchers safely proved to be our undoing. Randolph had the 'Varsity completely at his mercy, except in the fourth, when two hits, a couple of ragged errors, and a passed ball allowed four runs in for the 'Varsity.

After the fourth there was no scoring until the ninth, when Randolph lined out a three bagger, and scored on Jenkins' sacrifice. The playing of our team after the fourth was every bit as fast and clean as that of the U. C. The feature of the game was the work of "Churb" Hubbard on second. He had more chances than any other fielder and accepted them all without the semblance of an error. The infield of our team is exceedingly strong, but will be of no use if the outfielders don't wake up, and what's more, the entire team is weak at the bat.

March 2nd the team journeyed to U. C. again and went into the game with their minds made up to win. From the first inning to the ninth it was nip and tuck, and when the game stopped at the end of the ninth the score stood 3 to 3.

We took the lead in the first and held it until the ninth, when the 'Varsity horse shoe worked over time and they managed to score on a fluke. A thrown ball striking a U. C. base runner a glancing blow, rolled off just far enough to give the runner time to score.

The 'Varsity were clearly outplayed, outhit and outpitched in this game, as the score book shows. Randolph was in his best form and struck out ten of the U. C. batters. Brooks put up his usual fine game on first Brooks so far outclasses any prep school first baseman in the A. A. L. that comparisons are odious. Shepard is not up to the form he displayed last year, but this cannot be expected, as he not only has the burden of captaincy on his shoulders, but will have to do nearly all the pitching this season.

A practice game was played with Berkeley High at Idora Park on March 6th. Everybody was given a thorough work out and if we can't get a winning team out of all the material on hand something needs fixing at once. The game ended in our favor 8 to 5.

March 7th we played the 'Varsity for the third time. In the very first inning the fellows got busy and pounded the ball all over the lot. When the atmosphere cleared up Alameda had scored five times. U. C. at once changed pitchers and Rinehardt kept our boys guessing the rest of the game.

As the game progressed the 'Varsity crept up slowly and won out in the end with four runs to the good. Time after time Alameda would get men on the bases, but the needed hit never came and no more runs were added to the five. Randolph pitched a good game and received good support, but we were simply outclassed by the 'Varsity veterans.

This was Randolph's last game for Alameda High, as he has signed a contract to pitch for the Oakland League team this year. With him in the box it would have been a walk-over for Alameda this year. Captain Shepard, however, can hold his own with any of the other High School pitchers and will be a good successor to Randolph.

Saturday morning, March 10th, our team went down to defeat before the U. C. Freshman team by a score of 5 to 3. Captain Shepard pitched a fine game and kept the hits well scattered. The Freshman team is exceptionally strong and defeated the 'Varsity the other day 10 to 7. Our last year's short stop, "Red" Baker, is playing left field for the Freshmen and was directly responsible for several of his team's scores.

The League schedule has been announced and is as follows:

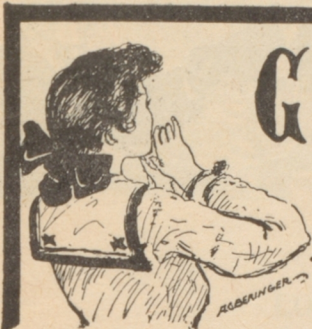
- 1—A. H. S. Vs. Stockton High.....March 24th at Stockton.
- 2—A. H. S. Vs. Boone's Academy.....March 31st at Oakland.
- 3—A. H. S. Vs. Oak. Poly. High.....April 7th at Oakland.
- 4—A. H. S. Vs. Berkeley High.....April 14th at Oakland.
- 5—A. H. S. Vs Oakland High.....April 28th at Oakland.
- 6—A. H. S. Vs. Anderson's Academy.....May 5th at Irvington.

TRACK NEWS.

On Saturday, March 17th, a picked team composed of the best athletes of the Bay Counties League was defeated by the Stanford Freshmen by the score of 71½ to 49½. The Oakland High School athletes did not compete, as they had met the Freshmen before. Had the Bay County team had the assistance of O. H. S. the result of the meet might have been different. Alameda High did not land any points, but this was not the fault of our entries. H. Sepulveda and E. Macaulay, who experienced the hardest kind of luck. Manager Nason intends to enter these same men, with the addition of L. Scott, in the big interscholastic meet to be held at Stanford on March 24th. Cups will be given to the winning team, winning relay team, and biggest individual point winner, besides these medals for the winners of each event will be given, gold for first, silver for second and bronze for third.

The Athletic Association is sorely in need of a new lease on life. The fellows do not take the interest in it that they should. The only thing that keeps it alive is that a few of the upper classmen refuse to let it die. It is true the Association is not dead financially, due to the fact, a few work their heads off to raise coin, by a show or a dance. There was a time when the meetings were well attended, but now,—well, stay sometime and see one. Get busy, you Juniors and Freshmen. It's up to you.

R. P. B., '06.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL

The basket-ball girls have been practicing faithfully, except when the inclement weather prevented, in the hope that they may bring home a few victories from the games scheduled for the coming weeks.

On Saturday, March 3rd, these daring girls braved the storm and went to the Girl's High to play a game with the team from that school. Alas! No, we were not defeated, do not be alarmed, and the opposing team wasn't either, for there was no game; owing to a serious mistake, no team was there to meet us, so all retraced their steps and returned to Alameda. The game was postponed until the first Saturday in April.

Saturday, March 10th, the first game of the Alameda-San Mateo series was played at San Mateo. The orange and black came off the field victorious by the score of 7 to 3, but the score does not tell of the closeness of the game, which was hotly contested from start to finish. The feature of the game was the splendid defensive work of our guards, and it was largely due to their exertions that the San Mateo end of the score was not greater. Miss Stroupe did all the scoring for Alameda, and her playing, as usual, was a source of the greatest strength to the team. The line-up for the game was: centers, Miss Usinger, Miss Grow, Miss Lamborn; guards, Miss Schlageter (captain), and Miss Roche; forwards, Miss Stroupe and Miss Coulter. Miss Bareilles replaced Miss Coulter in the second half.

We wish to express our gratitude to the San Mateo girls for the kindness and open-handed hospitality which they extended to us, making our visit to San Mateo a very pleasant remembrance, and indeed almost making up for the defeat. Girls of the San Mateo High, we hope to be able to do as much for you in the near future.

The program for the term is well-filled. On the nineteenth we expect to play a team from the San Jose Normal School; on the thirty-first, one with the San Francisco Polytechnic; and the seventh of April is set apart for the game with the Girl's High. Aside from these, return games will be played on the new court sometime before the close of the term with both San Mateo and the Girl's High.



ALUMNI NOTES.

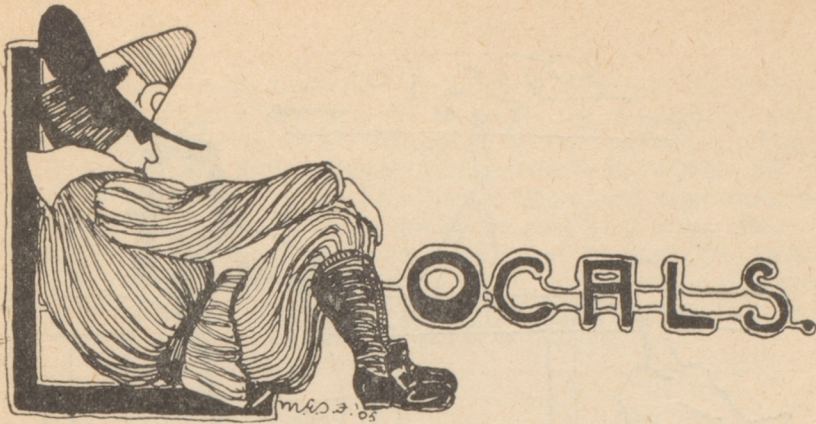
Miss Edith White, '03, who for the past two years has been attending the University of California, is at present in the East, visiting Miss Willow Butler, '03, at New York. She writes with enthusiasm of a visit to West Point.

Miss Ethel O'Brien, '05, is at Los Angeles, where she will spend a few months.

Miss Florence Parker, '01, graduated from Berkeley last December. While at college Miss Parker was a prominent member of the dramatic society, "Mask and Dagger." She also took a part in her "Junior Farce."

Miss Mary Van Orden, '01, possesses a great honor, being one of the few women elected this year to the membership of the Honor Society, Phi Beta Kappa, at the University of California. Many of the instructors at Alameda High School belong to this society.

Lately many of the graduating classes have shown their class spirit by frequent reunions. Enjoying a social time they also keep in touch with Alameda High School events.



LOW SENIOR PLAY

The first of the monthly entertainments came off with great success. It was an original farce written by Adele Ehrenberg, Ida Spence and Helen Stroupe, and produced by members of the class of Dec., '06. The play contained some good joshes on the faculty and students and many funny situations were encountered. Some of the participants recieved several beautiful boquets from their friends in the June, '06 class, which were fully appreciated. Altogether the play was fine, and will serve as a good example for the others to come. Dr. Thompson has prepared some rare treats for the student body in the form of lectures and music.

DECEMBER '06 DANCE

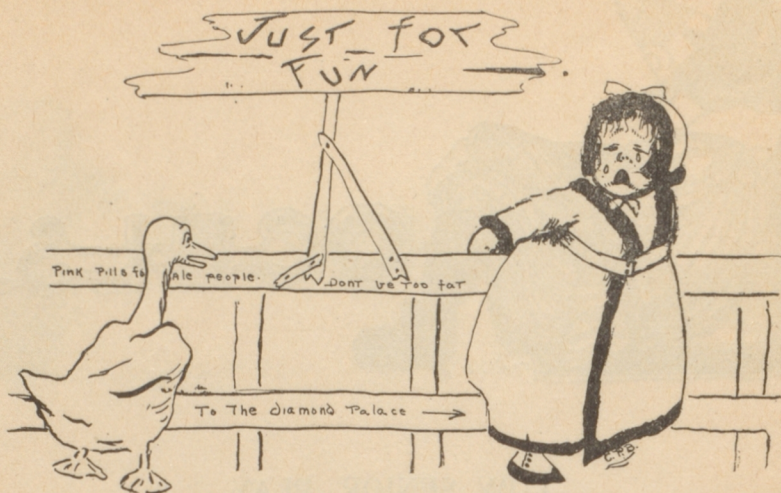
The Low Senior Dance given by the Class of Dec., '06, proved a most delightful affair. There was not too much of a crowd to make it uncomfortable to dance, and the crowd itself was a jolly one. The decorations were in red, and green smilax was strung all around and across the hall, giving a very artistic appearance. The surprise of the evening, though, was an electric "'06" strung over the stage. It came as a surprise and was really fine, giving a glowing effect to the whole hall. Yank furnished the music and about sixteen dances and four extras were given. In the whole the dance was a great success, everyone seeming to enjoy themselves, which was the object.

MIDDDE 'B" THEATER PARTY

The Middle B English Class spent a most enjoyable and instructive afternoon at the Central Theatre on Saturday, March 10, under the efficient chaperonage of Miss Hohfeld. "The Tale of Two Cities," was the attraction, and furnished thrills galore.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

The Low Middles organized some time ago. Their officers are: President, "Ted" Searle; Vice-President, Miss Bradley; Secretary, Miss Nason; Treasurer, Byron Paul.



OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Well, we're around again, and glad to see so many of you present—hope you all have subscribed—although we know you haven't.

Everybody in school likes to read good joshes, and if they don't find them, the kicks come in bunches and the Knockers hold high carnival. This month some charitable person or persons dropped about seven joshes in the box—that's encouraging, isn't it? Now all you phoney guys, kick in, so that we can have more good joshes.

Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, we'll proceed with the show.

Chemistry B—Mr. Minium (expounding chemical theory) “Mr. Dexter, do you remember of ever reading about a man named Sampson, who destroyed a building by pulling the supporting pillars from under it. It occurs in a book more or less familiar to all of us?”

“Fat”—“Do you mean Peter's Chemistry?” (loud applause.)

Notice is hereby given that the school department will not supply fresh air for the students in third and fourth year English. Students in these courses must furnish their own ozone.

Why does Marx resemble a teapot?
Because he's there with the spout.

AT THE CENTRAL.

“Were you ever on the stage?” asked the cabbage.

“Only once,” replied the egg. “I was cast for the villian, and made a great hit.”

Why are the Alameda cars like bananas?
Because they are yellow and come in bunches.

A newly captured horse thief
Dangled from a tree;
In whispers hoarse he muttered,
“This suspense is killing me”—Ex.

We have received several complaints in regard to the Horace K. Turner Art Exhibit. So in order to satisfy the complainers, who are *not* chronic knockers, we are attempting to get a collection which will be of real interest to the school. Without doubt the exhibit will be of more interest than even the Low Senior Show, and even without the dance, which will probably accompany it, will be a great affair. Although we are unable to give a complete list of the works on exhibition, we *can* give a few which will give a very good idea of the character of the exhibit. The only reason we cannot publish the entire list is that we want to surprise the school as much as possible.

Portrait of Russ.....By Ed.
 Portrait of Ed.....By Russ.
 "After Publication".....By "Fritz."
 "The French Lesson"By Brick Innes.
 "The Foul".....By Snipe.
 Sketches of the Faculty.....By Ida Spence.
 a.—Mr. Bartlett.
 b.—Mr. Bussell.
 c.—Mr. Cogswell.
 Sketches of the Dec., '06 Boys.....By Grace Renner.
 "Crusty's Crust.....By Horace Wooley.
 Automobiling.....By Chauncey Eastman.
 Macaulay, as a Greek Athlete winning the laurel
By Himself.

Other works have been received from Crusty Searle, M. Dimond, C. A. Troy, L. S. Lynch, Ralph Jenkins, C. Brandt, G. Brooks, Junior Medcraft, E. Segrave, Charlotte Brush, Adele Ehrenberg, Jean Tyson, M. Deetken, M. Mitchell, Ethel Roche, Hazel Holt and other well-known artists.

SAYINGS—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Alan Frick—"It is better to look fat than hungry."
 Helmet Hink—"It is better to appear as a shadow than not at all."
 Senior A's—"It is better to be tight than to throw away bids."
 Macauley—"It is better to have lurched and lost than never to have lurched at all."

"Ex'es are the root of all evil."
 "He laughs best who laughs at the teacher's jokes."
 "People who live in class-rooms shouldn't throw erasers."
 "A fact in the head is worth two in the book."
 Miss Frisius (to "Coot" Frisbie, with his feet in the aisle)—"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Johnny stole a penny
 And to the jail was sent;
 The jury said, "not guilty,"
 so he was in-a-cent!—Ex.

Young man, pretty maid
 Tunnel and then the shade;
 Not this time, so take no fright—
 Porter came and lit the light.

Nason (to Miss Hohfeld)—“Was Burbank the man who crossed the milk weed and the strawberry plant?”

Miss Hohfeld—“I really don't know.”

Nason—“Well—er—I was thinkin' if he was, we'd be having strawberries and cream.”

Scrub—“Miss Frisius, where is the Alameda-U. C. baseball game going to be played?”

Miss Frisius—“I'm not positive, Johnny, but I think on the cinder path.”

(Not quite right, Miss Frisius—the team isn't fast enough yet to be on the track.)

WANTED.

A new cut for the josh column. (You have it Hank.)

A cushion for the seat of war.

A sleeve for the arm of law.

A dog to replace the bark of a tree.

A medicine to keep the ink well.

A top and bottom for the sides of argument.

A book on how water works and frost bites.

A cemetery to bury the dead languages in.

If a Uneeda is a soda cracker, what's an ice-pick?

A water cracker !!!

(Sounds like Lynch, doesn't it?)

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, BUT WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE.

Whose ring adorns the little finger of Deac's right hand?

Where did Nason get the Scotch plaid necktie?

Are we going to have an inter-class field-day?

Did Joe really throw that game?

Why doesn't Scott play baseball?

Where did Boots get that laugh?

All those who absented themselves from the Arbor Day exercises will kindly leave their names with Dr. Thompson.

Alice has a new pair of Boots,
And Marjorie wants to Brush them.

Bunny has an auto new
With wheels of gold and top of blue,
And other colors, quite a few.
When on at full-speed he doth press,
Any one would surely guess,
“Here comes a rainbow in distress.”

Miss Hewett—“Mr. Segrave, you were absent yesterday, were you not?”

Mr. Segrave—“Yes ma'am, I was not.”

OLD FRIENDS.

We forgot Maslin last time and so many complaints have been received that we feel it is necessary to state that Mas. is still on deck and queening at the usual rate.

Marx is still alive, but his voice isn't of the same quality as formerly. Maybe he wants to give the scrubs a chance to make themselves heard.

MIDDLELERS.

The Middle A show will come off soon and it is expected to do the school honor.

JUNIORS.

Fresh as ever—maybe fresher.

SCRUBS.

Getting class-pins! We'll be having Sub-Junior A. *dances*, at this rate.

ATHLETICS.

The Basket Ball court has been begun.

Will we get the Baseball Cup?

Where is the running track?

How crowded the tennis courts are!

We ought to win the "tag" championship, from present indications.

Dancing is a form of Athletics, ergo, it should not be prohibited.

DEBATING.

There isn't any.

Norris & Rowe's Circus (in the future), conducted by Joe Norris and Shorty Rowe.

Mr. Bartlett (Explaining Civics)—"Shall the Government prohibit the use of tobacco? Shall it prohibit games of chance?"

Baker, Holland and Brush—"No!"

HA-HA!

1ST. SENIOR—"When is the furnace room not a furnace room?"

2ND. SENIOR—"When Jean and Hon are there."

LITTLE SCRUB—"Why, where's the joke?"

1ST. SENIOR—"Because then it's a spoon-holder."

(i. e. Low Senior Dances.)

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurray, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"

Buck—"Are you going to get a new suit this summer?"

Deac—"No, my tailor says he can't afford it."

"A is the maid of winning charm,

B is the snug encircling arm;

How many times is A in B?"

He questioned calculatingly.

She blushed, and said with air sedate,

"Its not quite clear; please demonstrate."—Ex.

Take Miss Garretson's advice, Jack, and don't go to the Skating rink on school nights.

The faculty are all "union," to judge by the lock-outs.

If we should print every josh that is handed in, the school would go crazy—but don't let that discourage you.

A. D. 2006.

(From the Alameda Hourly Encinal, March 9, 2006.)

Professor Shepard, a member of one of Alameda's oldest families, in looking over some papers left by his great-great grandfather, Mr. Sidney Shepard, found the following fragments. They are evidently portions of longer poems, and even in their fragmentary state, they give us an idea of the poetic genius of our ancestors:

Fragment A, (consisting of four detached stanzas. Fortunately the full title has been preserved.)

THE BALLAD OF THE BAT, OR
HOW SNIPE MADE A HOME RUN.

Upon a day in the mad March tide
They played them at the ba'
The leader was a merry lad
And Snipe they did him ca.'

Oh, they ha' a right guid pitcher
And a catcher withouten fail,
Now gallant Snipe is at the bat,
Nor does he even quail.

The ba' has sailed awa,' awa';
"Now run, braw Snipe, your best!"
He runs about the diamond,
Nor ever stops to rest.

"Now in at home, my captain dere,"
Braw Deac doth cry in joy,
The rooters in the bleachers shout,
"Hurrah, our gallant boy!"

Fragment B. (less perfect and without title.)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
On the finish line
Dashed the brave runner;
Rooters to right of him,
Trainers to left of him,
Judges in front of him,
Bellowed and thundered,
On—while the rooters clap
(As if they cared a rap)
On—to the closing lap,
Went the brave runner.

Prof. Shepard has compiled these in his work on Early Californian verse and has annotated them in a very learned manner. "Snipe," he says, was a name applied to his great-great grandfather, Mr. Sidney Shepard, of Alameda. In such a case fragment A, is elegaic verse.

F—ierce lessons
L—ate hours
U—nexpected company
N—othing prepared
K—nocked standing.—Ex.

Senior—"Bill writes me that he will draw \$100 per"
Scrub—"Per what?"
Senior—"Perhaps."—Ex.

Rabbit Nason hit Lynch on the ear with a piece of pie.
Ted is now a pi-on-eer.

Life is real, life is earnest,
But it might*be more sublime,
If we were not kept so busy
Getting lessons all the time.

GRAVE AND REVEREND SENIORS.

Encinal Rink, night after commencement! Bids will be scarce!
No Senior dance! Now for pity's sake, don't believe *everything* you see!
"What is this line, Master Lynch?"
"Anti-cataleptic."
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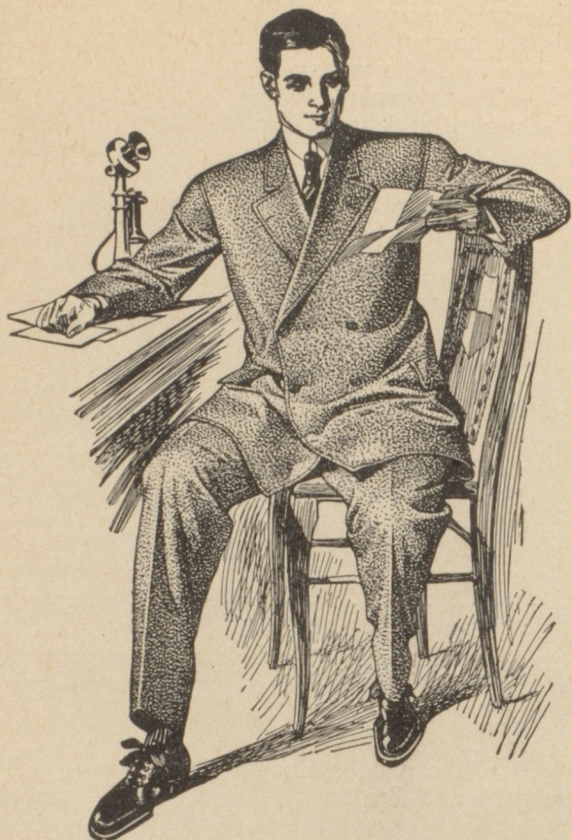
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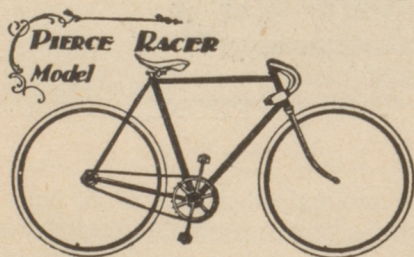
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